

The Aftermath

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Summary: Stydia pregnant. Mostly fluff. Set after college.

1. Chapter 1

"It wasn't supposed to happen like this. I meanâ€¦not now. What am I going to do? How will I tell him? We aren't married. We've barely spoken since high schoolâ€¦ God! It was just drunk, wedding sex. What am I going to do?" The internal dialogue played as she hunched by the toilet staring, dumbfounded at the white stick. Eventually she gathered her composure, at least enough to dial the phone.

"Hey, Lydia. What's up?" Stiles beamed into the phone. No response. Silence. Dead silence. Dead silence; interrupted by an outburst of emotion, followed by an equally abrupt disconnect. Stiles grabbed his keys and sprinted out the door. He found her almost catatonic in the bathroom. She glared at the stick. His eyes drew to her and his jaw fell simultaneously, completely disregarding the pregnancy test lying right across from her. As if on instinct, he picked her up bridal style, her head snuggled into his neck, and carried her to the bed. But, immediately on contact with her pillow, the tear gates exploded like a bomb demolishing a dam. Stiles wrapped his arms around her, pulling her small frame into his body, rocking her back and forth, rocking her to sleep.

She awoke in his arms and glanced up at his worry-stricken expression and her hands clenching his tearstained shirt. "What's wrong?" Stiles asked, breaking the hours of silence. Lydia cathartically removed herself from Stiles' grasp, squeezing his hand, guiding him to the bathroom where the pregnancy test lied. She looked up at him, full of guilt, and began releasing her hand. Quicker than a reflex, Stiles grabbed hand and pulled her into his arms. "It's going to be okay" he cooed, stroking her hair.

His eyes watered as he became overwhelmed with guilt, holding the love of his life in his arms. Despite not talking for four years, he

knew that the baby was his. He had caused her this pain. This was his fault.

"Everything is going to be okay" he repeated, pulling her into his body.

"I'm so sorry" Lydia stifled between tears.

Stiles pulled her off his body grasping her arms gently, holding her away from him.

"This is not your fault. Look, I know the timing is not ideal. But, when has anything in our life gone perfectly according to plan. On our first date you ended up in the hospital. The first time I saw you naked, I found you after Peter Hale possessed you to run through the woods for three days. The first time we kissed, you stopped a nogistune-induced panic attack. Our timing sucks. Our plans don't work. But, somehow we managed to make a new life. Despite all the death around us, we managed to make a baby. This is our baby, and if you think even for a second that you are going through this alone, despite the apparent one parent policy in Beacon Hills, you must be out of your mind, because Lydia Martin, you are the love of my life. I know I said we'd date other people at college but, it was always you, since the third grade it has always been you. I love you." Stiles moved his hand gently placing it on her stomach. "And, I love our baby." Both of them, with tears in their eyes, looked at each other, and then they kissed, passionately. And in that moment the world stopped.

2. Chapter 2

The Day After

He awoke buried in her strawberry blond locks and her head nestled in his chest. He never slept without his pillow before, even when he left for college. Yeah there had been other girls but when he slept with them he never actually fell asleep, yet he had slept the entire night. He knew why, she completed him. He glanced down at the angel lying on his chest, stroking her thick locks, completely at peace with the world. She looked so perfect while she slept. She was always stunning in his eyes but when she was sleeping it was an entirely different kind of beautiful. She wasn't a banshee, she didn't have the pain weighing on her from all they had lost, she had an enchanting calm to her, and he could stay in that moment forever. Lydia began to stir awake.

"Hey" she whispered raspily as she rubbed her eyes awake and smiled. She was in love with him; she never stopped. When she was with him there weren't voices and whispers in her head, there wasn't the lurking feeling of death, there was stillness and a calamity. It was like she had found this inner peace that she didn't even know she needed. She felt safe, something she hadn't felt since the bite.

"Good Morning beautiful. How'd you sleep?"

"Like a baby in your arms." She joked.

"I'm glad both my babies slept well." He replied with a smile wider

than California.

"Don't get mad. But, I booked us an appointment with OB for today at noon."

"And why would I be mad?" she asked Stiles.

"Ummmâ€¦ because afterwards I asked Scott to join us for lunch. And, we've haven't talked about telling people yet, but he' my best friend and I can't keep this from him." He said apologetically.

"Well, I'm not mad. And, we couldn't really keep this from him anyway. He would be able to hear the baby, anyway. But, we have to start getting ready now if we want to get there on time."

"Hey, hold on a minute." Stiles exclaimed, pulling her tighter into his body while Lydia fights her way out of his grasp.

"Stiles, I need to start getting ready."

"I know, but not until I properly tell you good morning." Stiles leaned in and kissed her.

"Wow." She says as Stiles releases her head. "That was the best good morning ever" she beamed.

"Well, someone's being selfish, you aren't the only one I have to greet." He said sarcastically.

"Oh, really. Do you have some secret stash of girls that you wake up everyday." Lydia replied offended.

"No. Hopefully, I have one more though." Stiles reached down at Lydia's shirt and gently pulls it up, placing his warm hand on her cool abdomen.

"Good morning, little one. I think we made mommy jealous." He said as he kissed way up her abdomen.

"Stiles." She giggled. "We are never going to make it to our appointment on time if you keep going." Lydia said, finally getting up.

"Fine, I'll go make breakfast."

He waited for her to go to the bathroom and reached for his jacket. He had been walking around with, since he had returned to Beacon Hills. He opened the box from his jacket pocket and took it with him to the kitchen.

After Lydia had finished showering, she approached the kitchen, and immediately ran back to the bathroom, followed by Stiles. "Morning sickness, great" she thought. Stiles grabbed her hair, and rubbed circles in her back, knowing that was all he could do for her at the moment. He hated seeing her like this. When she finished, she leaned back into Stiles chest.

"Are you okay?" he asked sincerely concerned.

"Yeah, just part of the deal." Lydia replies shrugging it

off.

"Okay, let's try this whole breakfast thing, again, shall we." She said as she got to her feet, reaching her hand out for Stiles.

"Oh my gosh, Stiles. You did this for me?" she exclaimed, surprised with the array of food that was laid out in her breakfast nook. She let go of his hand as she approached the food. Stiles, following her, suddenly dropped to one knee as she approached the pancakes.

"I'm not doing this because you are pregnant, that's just makes it even more perfect. I have loved you since the third grade. We have literally been from hell and back together. I am doing this because I am tired of holding on to it since high school. I have wanted to marry you since senior year, but we broke up. So, I promised myself if we ever made it back to each other, I would finally work up the courage to get down on one knee and askâ€| '_Will you, Lydia Martin, do me the greatest honor and be my wife?' "_ he said as he held out one hand with the ring.

"Oh my god, it's beautifulâ€| Yes, a million times yes." She exclaimed as Stiles slipped the ring on her finger.

"How'd did you afford this in high school, I mean it's beautiful." She asked.

"Well, it was my grandma's first and then my mom's. I asked my dad for it before graduation and then after we broke up, he told me to keep it if we ever found our way back to each other."

3. Chapter 3

The appointment.

"Hey, babe it's almost time to go!" Stiles yelled across the house.

"I know. I know. I'm almost done." Lydia shouted.

"You said that half an hour ago." He replies exasperated.

"Okay, I'm coming." Lydia hollers running to the kitchen.

"You ready?" he teases.

"Let's just go already." Lydia says as they get into Stiles' jeep.

"I called Melissa ahead of time and she booked us the appointment."

"Wait, you told Scott's mom?"

"She's a nurse, yes I told her. She got us in with the best OB in the hospital."

"I understand, it's just that we haven't told Scott yet, or our parents, I'm just worried. I mean your dad is the sheriff."

"Lydia, my father is nothing to worry about."

"It's not just that though. I mean the timing is just bad. And it's so unexpected. We aren't even really in a relationship. We are. I don't knowâ€¦ it's all really sudden that's all."

Stiles reaches over and grabs her hand. "It's going to be okay."

"How can you even say that? We just graduated. Where are we going to live?"

"Lydia, calm down. I mean it, stressing yourself out isn't good for you or the baby. Look, you have a house, remember. And you already have a great job doing research."

"I know, but are you going to move in with me. And I can't work after I have the baby. What are we going to do? Do you have a job, yet?"

"I wasn't going to tell you, yet. I am in the police academy; I enrolled about a month before you came back. I'm over halfway done. And, I have been working side jobs here and there. I have almost 10 grand saved up. I was planning on using to put a down payment on a house. But, I was planning on moving in with you, since your mom left you the house. Now that ten grand can go toward the baby. And are you forgetting your trust fund will be accessible in a couple of weeks?"

"You're joining the police force! I'm so proud of you. When did you figure all of this out?"

"While you were sleeping. Look, I love you. Everything is going to be okay. And if it's not we have a werecoyote, an alpha, a kitsune, an Argent, and all of parents looking out for this kid, okay. We're here now are you ready to go in."

"God, I love you. And yes I'm ready. Let's go check on our baby."

A/N: I know Stiles is usually the paranoid one, but I wanted to shift the roles a bit. I feel that it portrays Lydia's character as a new mom better. Stiles is always there for her and to reassure her when she needs it, but I promise it will make sense. Start leaving gender suggestions with names below. Also, I like to separate my chapters by scenes which is why they are not entirely long. But, I feel it makes more sense this way.

End
file.